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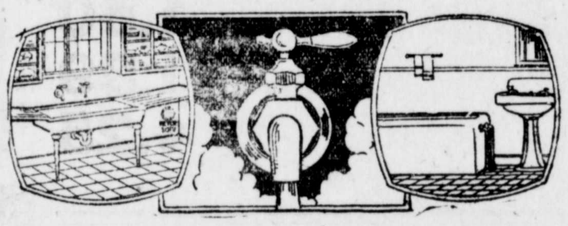
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There is no better time than right now—just before the busiest season on the farm—to go over your machines carefully, make a list of repairs you are likely to need and send it to us. With this list in our hands, we can order our stock so as to be prepared to meet every call promptly.

Repair part service is a necessary part of our business. We realize what it means to you in time and money to get what you need at once. Help us to help you by making up your list now and sending it in to us.

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Millington, Maryland



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By Eston Everett Ericson

Winter's silence everywhere,
Streaks of dust-blown snow;
In a leafless cottonwood
A lone and dismal crow.

Birds-nests torn and tumbled in,
Weed-stalks dead and dry;
Choked with ice the little creek
That ran wild last July.

Dreary winter afternoon,
But still my step is light,
For just beyond the wood is home,
And I'll be there tonight.

My rattle of the doorknob
Will take them by surprise,
And there'll be kisses all around,
And lingering, loving eyes;

Then all will try to talk at once
To fill up lengthy gaps
That meager letter writing left,
And quit at two—perhaps.

Across the winding woodland path
The little shadows dart—
January in the woods,
But April in my heart.

# GLARING HEADLIGHTS HARMFUL

DANGEROUS TO DRIVERS AND PEDESTRAINS IN THE SUBERBS AND COUNTY

Glaring headlights in Maryland seem to be increasing instead of decreasing, according to H. M. Lucius, secretary of the Automobie Club of Maryland and member of the National Headlight Board.

"I have spoken and written much about ths subject," the secretary said, "but I feel too much cannot be said as long as the motorists continue to persecute each other with violent rays.

"The absurb part of the whole thing is that most car owners swear fearfully at their brilliant brethren, the while their brethren are swearing at them.

"It seems so utterly hopeless to persuade every driver to step out in front of his own head lamps and see whether they are in proper focus, yet that is the only way they will find out conditions. One cannot detect glare in his own lights while he is seated at the wheel or in any part of the car.

"There is not an automobilist in the State who would not agree with you that this question of glaring headlights is becoming serious, yet there is not one in ten, you will find, who has taken the trouble to test out his own lamps. No wonder we never get anywhere.

"Where there are street llghts, things are not so bad, for the drivers still can see where they are going. It is out in the suburbs and in the country where the real danger exists.

# DREDGERS PREPARE FOR WORK

SEASON OPENS NOVEMBER 1 AND A LARGE NUMBER ARE EXPECTED TO PARTICIPATE

The season for dredging for oysters will begin November 1 and the largest number for years are expected to participate. Reports have been received in the Conservation Department that many dredging ships are being fitted out in Baltimore, Crisfield, Cambridge, Deals Island and other Maryland ports.

Following a recent inspection of oyster bars in the Potomac river and the Chesapeake Bay, Mr. Earle announced a large supply of the shell fish are free from mussels and are otherwise in good condition. He declared that the conditon of bars in the Potomac river has been improving steadily and that some of the most important oyster rocks in the Chesapeake are in better shape than for many years.

In a statement yesterday Mr. Earle said: "The oysters on the bars of some rivers on the Eastern Shore are still thin and this will take most of the oyster fleet to the Potomac, giving the Eastern Shore oysters a chance to fatten during November.

"A recent report from the head of the Chesapeake Bay, where oysters are very plentiful, shows that they are small, and it would be advisable for boats to report to the Potomac during the month of November and give one more month's growth to the supply at the head of the Bay, especially as the cull law is enforced out regardless of the location of the oysters.

"The department has not determined about the opening of the reserved area below the Patuxent river, but it is likely that this area will be opened to the dredgers after the rocks of the Potomac get several weeks' working and the skin is taken off.

"Demand for oysters promises to be very good and a brisk market is looked for. The last few weeks have reaped a harvest for the tongers in the tributaries of the Potomac, and some boats have caught as high as 110 bushels a day, two men to a boat. These oysters sold for 70 cents a bushel, netting the boat $81.20 for one day's work.

# THE COUP THAT FAILED

By H. M. EGBERT

(© by W. G. Chapman.)

IT WAS not the shock of arms, but thirst, that threatened to force the devoted city into surrender.

For months the enemy had hurled their lines against the fortress, only to see the gallant troops retire, decimated, baffled by the strong earthworks that promised to hold out indefinitely. And until the city fell the forward march of the victorious army could not continue.

General Lamarche was desperate. He could not leave the fortress in his rear untaken and continue his advance toward the capital of the enemy, for that would mean that his lines of communication would be severed. And behind those walls the enemy was reforming, ready to renew the war in all its pristine vigor.

But for months no drop of rain had fallen. The springs within the city had run dry. The river had been dammed and diverted by the besiegers. And there remained hardly three days' supply of water.

That the city was in need of water General Lamarche knew; but he did not know how near it was to surrender. And every day's delay was worth a thousand men to those within.

It was at this juncture that he gave audience to the man who had begged for an interview daily during the past month.

"Let the fellow come in," he said reluctantly to his aide. "Well, sir?" he demanded, as the ragged, wild-looking fellow stood before him.

"My name is Durand," said the man.

General Lamarche started slightly. "The aviator?" he asked.

Durand bowed his head.

Lamarche, like every Frenchman, knew about Durand. He had been one of the foremost men to develop the dirigible gas-balloon. While others worked upon the airplane, Durand had brought the dirigible almost to perfection. And, at the moment when he was about to see his invention adopted by the French army, he had committed murder—a foul, inexcusable murder while under the influence of absinthe, to which he had become addicted by reason of the mental strain he had undergone.

He was shipped to New Caledonia, but, after serving three years there, he was pardoned and disappeared from the haunts of his associates. That was a year ago, and since then nothing had been heard of him.

"I want to do something for my country," Durand explained.

"You shall be attached to the airplane division," answered Lamarche.

Durand laughed quietly. "I do not wish to become a private aviator," he said. "I have a plan by which you can capture Fort Gleichen."

"What is it?' asked Lamarche impatiently. He had had a thousand plans submitted to him during the past three months.

"Give me a thousand pounds of melinite," answered Durand, "and I will blow it into the earth. I will blow away all traces of it."

"If there is a thousand pounds of melinite to spare in France you shall have it, provided you can convince me of the feasibility of your scheme," the general answered.

"It is very simple," replied Durand. "In the mountains of the Vosges, where I have lived during the last year, I have my perfected dirigible. I will load it with a thousand pounds of melinite, which is as much as it will carry, in addition to my own weight. I will steer it above Fort Gleichen, pull the valve open, after calculating the descent, and escape in my parachute. The balloon will drop squarely into the center of the fort and blow it from the face of the earth."

They talked over the project for a while, and the more Durand explained, the more feasible his proposal appeared to the French general.

Of course, from an airplane, only small bombs could be dropped. But there was no reason why a balloon should not contain a thousand pounds of melinite, an explosive deadly enough to obliterate all trace of the famous stronghold that barred the advance of the army. It was obvious, furthermore, that the dead weight of the load, after the valve had been opened, would send the dirigible to earth with a speed and aim that nothing could avert.

Seven days later Durand, with a thousand pounds of melinite in his dirigible balloon, and the parachute attached to the aluminum stern, rose slowly above the French camp into the air.

From the walls of the fortress the besieged general, glass to his eyes, watched and wondered at this new maneuver.

He had sworn never to surrender, and by heroic privations his men had managed to conserve still another day's supply of water, though nearly all their animals were dead of thirst. It was the general's intention to cut his way out at the head of his troops on the morrow, and die upon the field—unless it rained.

But the scorched heavens refused to open. Day and night were one brazen glow of heat. All night heat lightning played on the horizon, and sometimes the distant muttering of thunder was heard, but never a drop of rain had fallen.

Durand rose slowly into the air, and, as he did so, the airguns of the fortress opened fire upon him. But it is the most difficult thing in the world to hit a quickly rising balloon, and neither Durand nor Lamarche had any fears on that score. If the balloon were hit, the melinite would explode in the air and the balloon and aviator would vanish, but no harm would come to the besiegers. At worst, the experiment would harm nobody.

At an altitude of two thousand feet the balloon was safe from danger. Durand smiled as he heard the great shells whizzing around him. He knew that only a miracle of marksmanship could bring him down.

At four thousand feet Durand was only a speck in the sky, hardly to be discerned even through Lamarche's glasses. The French camp strained its eyes upward. The report of the broken man's exploit, which was to restore his honor and bring, no doubt, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor, had become universal. And in the beleaguered fortress for the first time an inkling of the airman's intentions became obvious when a tiny speck was seen to detach itself from the slightly larger mass and drop toward earth.

Instantly it had begun the swift descent, while the balloon, relieved of its slighter burden, shot upward, in spite of the rapid escape of gas. The dirigible ascended five hundred feet before it paused, stood still, and then began its downward rush.

Durand had planned his descent so that it should carry him into the French lines. But to his horror a sudden breeze drove the parachute straight toward the inside of the fortress walls. And then, resigning himself to the inevitable, he devoted all his efforts toward saving his life, rather than attempting to gain the camp of the besiegers, which would mean an instant drop to death.

It was about a minute after he had pulled the cord of the valve when Durand dropped, unharmed, at the feet of the general in defense of Fort Gleichen.

But nobody noticed him, for all eyes were strained upward to where the great balloon came whirling down, straight toward the fortress. Here Durand had not miscalculated. It fell true as an arrow, and the heat lightning played about it and—

Boom!

The most awful detonation that had ever been heard since war began filled the whole air with sound. A coil of cloud enveloped everything and shut out the sunlight. Slowly it drifted away. And every one knew what had occurred. The dirigible had been struck by lightning during its descent.

An instant later the sun disappeared. And suddenly, with the sound of a million bullets, hailstones the size of pigeons' eggs whizzed to the earth, followed by a drenching downpour.

Never had it rained as it rained that afternoon. The water fell in torrents. It was as though a million hoses were turned earthward from the heavens. In two minutes the camps were flooded. The streets of the beleaguered town ran water. Men flung themselves upon their faces and wallowed in the precious rain. From every house buckets, bathtubs, implements of every kind were outstretched to hold the life-giving water. The cisterns overflowed. The beseiged city was saved.

Durand stood before the general within the fortress. His hope had failed by the interposition of the unexpected element, fate, which sends so many schemes agley.

He expected death. He was not even in uniform—a hopeless, ragged ex-convict, bearing the stamp of shame upon his furrowed face.

The general turned to him. "Do you know what is going to happen to you?"

"A firing party, I suppose," Durand muttered.

"No," answered the general quietly. "You are going to make a balloon for us."

## *Photo Proved Undoing of Careless Camper*

An interesting example of detective work in the forest service recently occurred in California, when officers of the forest service secured evidence against an automobilist who violated the camp-fire regulations before the camp fire was even built. This sounds like Sherlock Holmes, but here is how it happened:

A tourist from one of the Eastern states established a temporary camp in the Trinity National forest, California. On an inspection trip a forest ranger photographed this particular camp to secure a picture for use in a report on camping sites in his district.

A few days later this ranger was called out to fight a forest fire that had plainly started from a camp fire left burning by some careless camper who had moved on to parts unknown. The ranger remembered having included an automobile in the photograph he had taken of this particular camp site a few days before. Hurrying back to headquarters he examined the negative, and with the aid of a magnifying glass picked out the number of the license plate on the pictured automobile. He then sent a description over the telephone to adjacent towns and ranger stations and landed his man, who admitted his carelessness, paid his fine, and continued on his way with a new appreciation of what was meant by "Be sure your camp fire is out—then bury it."

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